Tho to a hill his kaynting flocke he ledde,
And thus him playnd, the while his shepe there fedde.

Ye Gods of loue, that pitie louers payne,
(If any gods the paine of louers pitie:)
Looke from aboue, where you in ioyes remaine,
And bowe your eares vnto my dolefull dittie.
And *Pan* thou shepheards God, that once didst loue,
Pitie the paines, that thou thy selfe didst proue.

Thou barrein ground, whome winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a myrrhour, to behold my plight:
Whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after hasted
Thy sommer prowde with Daffadillies dight.
And now is come thy wynters stormy state,
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou maskedst late.

Such rage as winters, reigneth in my heart,
My life blood frieling with vnkindly cold:
Such stormy stoures do breede my balefull smart,
As if my yeare were wast, and woxen old.
And yet alas, but now my spring begonne,
And yet alas, yt is already donne.

You naked trees, whose shady leaues are lost,
Wherein the byrds were wont to build their bowre:
And now are clothd with mosse and hoary frost,
Instede of blossmes, wherwith your buds did flowre:
I see your teares, that from your boughes doe raine,
Whose drops in drery yicles remaine.

All so my lustfull leafe is drye and sere,
My timely buds with wayling all are wasted:
The blossome, which my braunch of youth did beare,
With breathed sighes is blowne away, & blasted,
And from mine eyes the drizling teares descend,
As on your boughes the yicles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weake through fast and euill fare:

Wail

Mayst witnesse well by thy ill
Thy maysters mind is ouercon
Thou weake, I wanne: thou lea
With mourning pyne I, you

A thousand sithes I curse that
Wherein I longd the neighbou
And eke tenne thousand sithes
Wherein I sawe so fayre a sigh
Yet all for naught: such sight ha
Ah God, that loue should breed

Ist is not *Hobbinol*, wherefore
Albee my loue he seeke with da
His clownish gifts and curtsie
His kidds, his cracknelles, ar
Ah foolish *Hobbinol*, thy gyfts
Colin them giues to *Rosalind* a

I loue thilke lasse, (alas why
And am forlorne, (alas why a
Shee deignes not my good wi
And of my rurall musick holde
Shepheards deuise she hateth
And laughes the songes, that C

Wherefore my pype, albee ru
Yet for thou pleasest not, wher
And thou vnlucky Muse, that
My musing mynd, yet canst no
Both pype and Muse, shall for
So broke his oaten pype, and

By that, the welked *Phœbus* g
His weary waine, and nowe th
Her mantle black through hea
Which seene, the pensife boy
Arose, and homeward droue hi
Whose hanging heads did see